Dedham Apr. 5. '44.

Dear Wm Chadwick:

I send you herewith a good long letter from Caroline, which she requests me to forward to you & through you to Chesuncook. You will see, if you read the letter, (which I think you will do) that she wishes it to be sent tomorrow so as to anticipate Emma's arrival on Monday. I think Anne should read me the letter from W.B. describing the "young lady's entrance into the world" - or at least copious extracts. I hope the fair Emma has with ease

MS.H.B.2.2.2024

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the machinations of the Lie
Sadley Clement Hillsborough
& Lie Hampden Pollexfens
and other gay harrots & wicked
Lords, who no doubt abound in
that fair capital, & who have
contracted habits of running
away with young Ladies in
post chaises & vans. I trust
that she may have found
Lie Charleses & Lord Orvilles
(not Orville Deweys - though
it is my belief he was named
for him) enough to protect her.
I am afraid that the impetuosity
of Master of Boston in chuse,
like Mr. Parkinson, you take the
liberty of residing, will affect

but dull & tame after the facilities of that great metropolis.

We have had a Temperance Meeting today - which was rather a failure on account of insufficient notice & we adjd till next Friday when we look to have a good gathering from all parts of the County. You had better suggest to the daughters of the Flower of Hestia that it would be a favorable opportunity to pay their annual Sunpsum a visit. Perhaps on second thoughts, I think that they had better come to our County Meeting at Mead Row busy on the Wednesday after - where we are specially desirous of having a good display and where Mr. Fallen will be

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delighted to see them. Anne and
Cara & Lucy with her a string attached
to their pinafores. Tell Wendell that
he must remember, he came to the
ass Sally Sullivans boy used to ride
also Easton. The great lion of today
was a Mr Kellogg - a Buckeye hunter
from Ohio - dressed in a hunting-shirt
& a regular ring-tail roarer. But
unluckily I found out that he was
a Massachusetts man who had
emigrated not many years since to
the West. He was something like the
traveller in Little Peddlington Lane
the Polish performer with the Pandean
Pipes & the bad drum, swearing a
good fight that he would n't
play a spoon for unless he had
another shilling & a pot of beer.

Farewell.

Dear Edwin

Edmund Quincy.

MS. A. 9.2.20.024